

266.05  
ALC

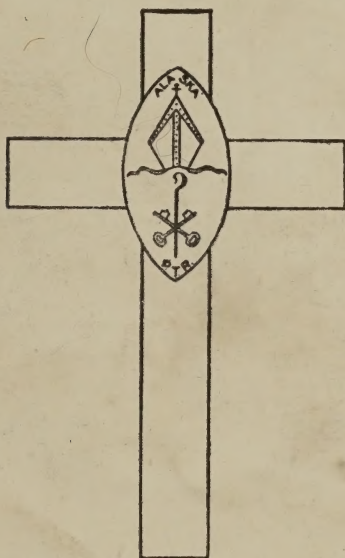
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O, ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

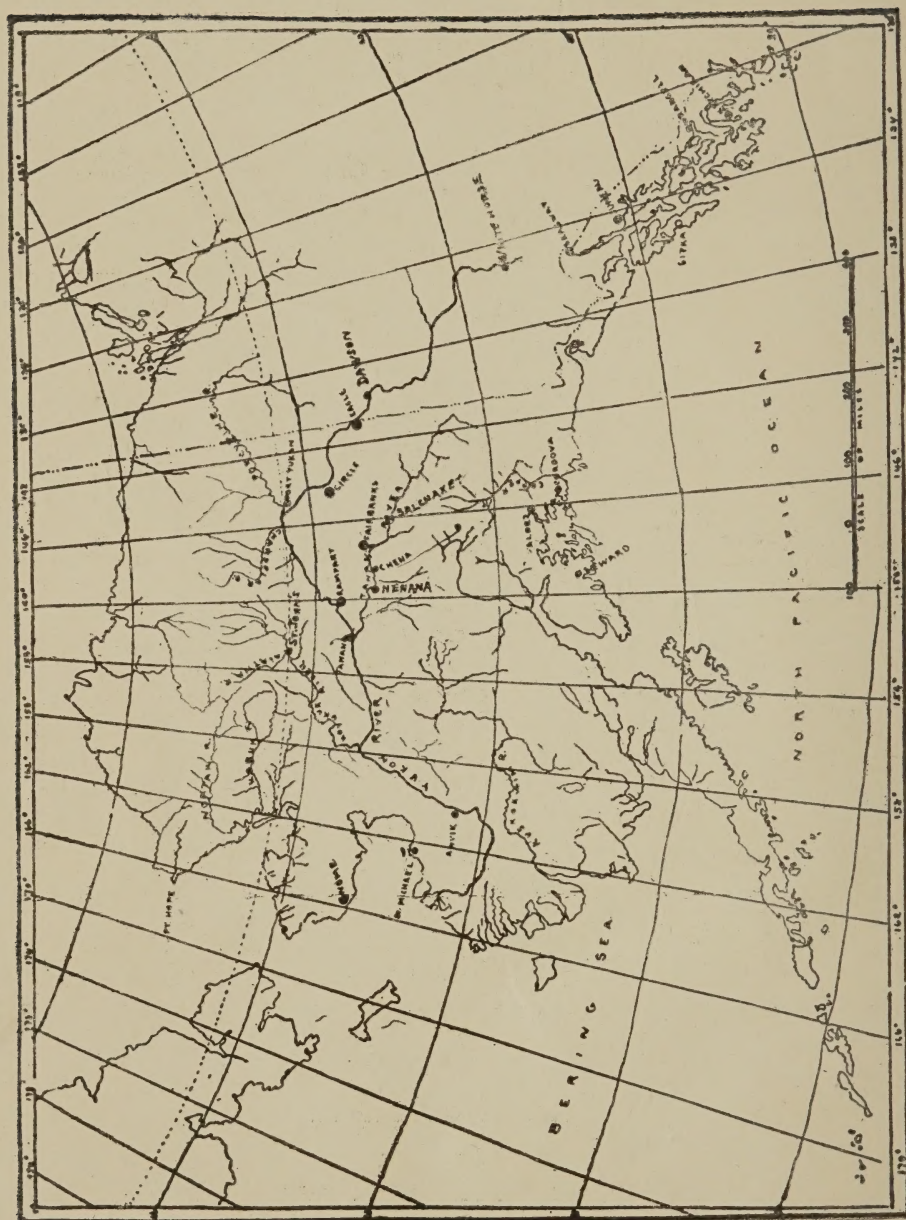
VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT FAIRBANKS  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
CHURCH'S WORK IN  
ALASKA.



mac





COMMERCE ON THE COAST.

## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Fairbanks, in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. H. H. LUMPKIN,  
Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year.

Entered as second-class matter November 21, 1906, at the postoffice at Fairbanks, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge, the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks, be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address, be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

Calls are many and heavy upon the Bishop of this North country. Especially now, if we are to take advantage of fields that are opening up, ready for the workers. Anchorage is a town of five thousand people. As yet, we have no worker there, and had we one there, we would have neither house to put him in, nor Church for him to work from. Around Anchorage are springing up towns. Settlers are coming in. Opportunities are opening up. Seward needs a resident priest. But Seward has no rectory. Nenana has a clergyman resident at the nearby Indian Mission. But there is no Church at Nenana. So you see the calls that come. Are there not those who would care to help to see that some of these necessary buildings are provided? There is no question of their need. It does not mean any enormous amount to provide the buildings that are necessary at these points. But they are necessary. They are indispensable. If there are any who wish to help provide for some of these necessities of the field, their gifts should be sent to Bishop

P. T. Rowe, 418 Mutual Life Building,  
Seattle, Washington.



We have commented previously on the possibilities of the Clergy Pension Fund, and all later developments but seem to confirm our expectations, and our hopes for this fund. The latest news that we in this part of the world have been able to receive, though it is not of course the very latest, is that four million of the five million has been promised, and that in something like sixty days, the Church must raise the other million. The OTHER million! It almost seems strange for us to be talking about other millions. We have been accustomed so long to think and talk in small terms when it related to Church matters, than now that we have begun to talk in terms of millions, we surprise ourselves. Never again can the Church think in little terms. Never again can She belittle Herself or any undertaking into which She may go, by going at it in a niggardly way. This means more than just raising five million dollars as a basis for a pension fund. While we believe that it may well be acclaimed as one of the most statesman-like propositions ever conceived and brought to fruition in the Church in the United States, yet its real meaning is a far deeper one. The Church has REALIZED Herself. While dollars and cents do not purchase Spiritual Potency, yet dollars and cents do guarantee our faith in the solidity of any undertaking, and our belief in the work that the Church has to do in the world. A Church is as strong as the Faith of her people. A Faith guaranteed by a living willingness to help, means a Church strong to help and save. We trust Alaska will not fail to have her share in this splendid undertaking.



Last summer Alaska had the unusual



pleasure of welcoming a number of visitors, among the tourists who came, who seemed more like members of the Mission. For they were real friends of the Mission who came to see and understand the work that we are trying to do for the Church in the Northland. It was a pleasure to have their earnest interest in all our work. Problems, pleasures, and all. We hope that they carried with them something of the same pleasure and happiness that their coming brought to us here. We shall look forward with even more pleasure to the coming summer, should it mean others of those who have loved our work from afar, and now come to see and understand it closer at hand.

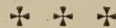


Most of the time in the past, we have given our readers articles written by those who are resident in this land, either from the pen of workers in the field, or else from friends of the Mission who had lived in the North for many years. When the Reverend Lester Bradner passed through Alaska last summer, the editor felt that it was an opportunity too good to be missed, if Dr. Bradner could be persuaded to look at the matter in the same light that the Editor did. As ever, he was kindness itself, agreeing to help the Editor out in his BIG idea, and therefore we have the pleasure of presenting in this number an article from his pen, covering his extended trip through this land, and giving his impressions of the country as a whole. For ourselves, we feel that it is a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with Alaska. Doctor Bradner did not just stop off at the stations while the steamer took on wood, but in some cases spent nearly three weeks, learning of the country, and teaching those, who were a goodly number, who heard him gladly. So we naturally take great pleasure in pub-

lishing an article written by one who came in a sympathetic spirit to Study, not just the missions, but the country as a whole.



When St. Matthew's Hospital was closed there was naturally left on hand a certain amount of material such as absorbent cotton and surgeon's gauze. At first we wondered what could be done with it, as along with the hospital equipment that had been sent to Fort Yukon, we had also sent quite a goodly lot of cotton and gauze. But we soon found out. Calls from other stations began to come in. "Have you any spare cotton and gauze"? So that with the supply on hand, St. Matthew's became as it were a sort of reserve station for emergencies. In several cases it proved its use. But now we are running short again, and ought to keep on hand a supply here for just such calls. A pound of cotton does not cost much, or a roll of a few yards of gauze, or a few bandages. Or perhaps some Guild or Auxiliary would like to send in a one hundred yard roll or so. These will certainly find good use, for there are a number of stations that we can supply both in summer or winter in case of necessity. All such packages of absorbent cotton, gauze or bandages should be addressed to St. Matthew's Mission, Fairbanks, Alaska.



St. Matthew's Mission, Fairbanks, as most of our readers know, has long been a center for distribution of magazines. It is a big part of our work. The Red Dragon, Cordova, also comes in for a good share. We want now to ask you to have another point in mind when sending magazines, where they will also be most useful. This is the new Mission at the new town of Nenana, where the Government Commission has established the headquarters of the interior work on the Rail-

road. There will be many men employed there and in the vicinity this summer, and while the Government will probably establish a club room, well provided, for the employees of the Government, yet there will be many crews of men who will take contracts to handle sections of the work, and who would probably welcome reading matter. So we bespeak your interest for this work also. Magazines for Nenana should be addressed to Rev. William A. Thomas, Nenana, Alaska.

While we are on this subject, we feel that we again want to express our sincere thanks to our many friends, new and old, who have continued sending magazines this past winter for the use of the Mission. The fact that we received nearly 2,500 during December will show for itself. It is perhaps the largest receipt of magazines for any single winter month on record. Our records show that the year 1916 brought in in round numbers 20,000 magazines, besides many papers and miscellaneous literature. Can you wonder that we thank you, and feel a sense of sincere gratitude to all who have had a part in this helpful work.



We are glad to welcome to the field Rev. G. J. Zinn, and his wife and family, who are resident at Valdez. Mr. Zinn will also oversee the work in Seward for the present anyway. He has already laid vigorous plans for pushing the work at both these points, and The Alaskan Churchman extends to both himself and his family a welcome and wishes him God speed in his work.



## Notes

At St. Barnabas' Mission, Chena Native Village, a monthly celebration of the Holy Communion is observed. For

the past three years there has been no priest available for a regular service, and the Indian Communicants show their appreciation of the regular service. The attendance is good, and it is hoped that it may be possible to have an administration of the Blessed Sacrament at least twice a month, before another year goes by.



Thanksgiving Day was observed at St. Luke's, Salchaket, and the Holy Communion was celebrated at 7:00 a. m., on Saturday following. Due to a shortage of meat, most of the men were out hunting. However, those at the village joined whole heartedly in the services, and thirteen made their communions. A very generous offering was made, and made at a time when a very small offering was expected. The natives miss very keenly the presence of a resident missionary, but turn out in a body for their priest when he makes his visits.



## Notes from Mission of Our Saviour, Tanana

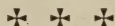
The annual Supper and Bazaar for the benefit of the hospital at the Mission of Our Saviour was held on November 9, 1916, at Moose Hall, Tanana. It was a great success. Our friends outside sent us a great number of things and the Tanana and Fort Gibbon people were most kind and generous. We cleared \$562.00, which will pay our wood bill for the hospital this winter. We are very much handicapped in having only one worker at the Mission this year. We need a doctor, two nurses and a general worker. Will not some of the readers do all in their power to find us helpers? Dr. Love, Major, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Gibbon, has been extremely kind in looking after our sick



natives, and has done splendid work among them, but so much more could be accomplished if we had a doctor who could live among them. I wish to thank all who helped in any way with our bazaar and made it such a success.



Thanksgiving day was celebrated at the Mission of Our Saviour with a service in the church at 10 o'clock. About seventy-five of the Indians returned to the village for that service. It has been the custom for many years that no one attend this service without making an offering which, after the service, is distributed among the poor in the village. The offering consisted of canned goods, clothing, soap, dried fish and seven dollars in cash. The offering was good and we had enough to give seven men and women and "to make old man and old woman happy today," as one of the Indians expressed it. The natives really do appreciate what is done for them, and whenever an opportunity arises they show their thankfulness in many different ways. But what does it matter what form it takes, so long as you know that it comes from the heart.



The Christmas tree for the people at the Mission of Our Saviour was held in the Church at 2 o'clock on Christmas Day. Some of the natives had gotten a large spruce tree and trimmed it very prettily. This service had to be held in the church because the school house was entirely too small. Nearly 300 women, men and children were crowded into a church that can comfortably hold about 200. With all the crowd, they never forgot that they were in God's House and when some of the children talked very loud the natives themselves would remind them that it was "Church." The natives in Alaska can teach the white man many lessons. Thanks to our many friends outside,

we were able to give good, warm mufflers to every man, mitts or toques to every boy, sewing bags to women and dolls to every girl, as well as picture cards, toys and candy. To those who knit I hope they will remember us next year with scarfs and mufflers; the natives really need them. The war has taken many things from us, but surely of all the people in the United States, not all are knitting for soldiers, and I trust they will remember the natives at the Mission of Our Saviour and help. Christmas Tree Services lasted about two hours, and when it was over, with the natives so very happy, the children so eager to get outside and open their packages—we would not let them open them in church—one could not help but thank God that it was his privilege and pleasure to serve Him in this land of ice and snow when so many know not the Christ Child as their Saviour, Friend and King.



Christmas Day at the Mission of Our Saviour was indeed a happy day. Celebration of the Holy Communion at 10 o'clock with a congregation of over 250 Indians and seventy-seven of these receiving the Holy Communion. There was used at this service for the second time a very handsome solid silver Communion Service given us by Mrs. L. E. Lusk, of Grace Church, Yonkers, New York. The singing and responses at this service were really remarkable. Our familiar hymn "O Come all Ye Faithful," sung in the native language, will long be remembered. To see the earnest and interested faces gathered to worship the Christ and to partake of His Feast of Love, one could safely say that the Christ Child was surely in their hearts and they were striving to know and honor him more and more. The offering at this service, which is used for Missions, was not as large as the year before, but amounted to \$45.00.





AN ALASKAN BOULEVARD.

## The Individuality of Alaska

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



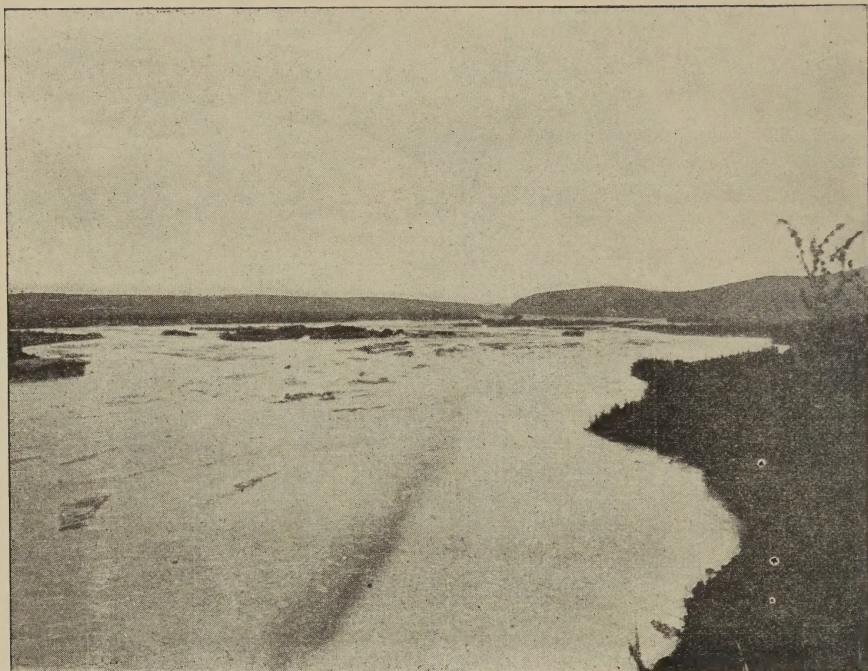
COUNTRIES and territories may not possess souls, but they do attain to distinct characters. They reveal to the passing stranger this individuality just as quickly as a person betrays

his characteristics. It is a passing impression of what Alaska is in her "group consciousness," which the writer is here trying to gather up, recollections from a first visit, long looked forward to, and fulfilled in the summer of 1916 by a trip which began at Skagway, followed the Lewes and the Yukon to

Tanana, proceeded thence to Fairbanks, cut across the "trail" to the coast at Cordova, and ended with a brief survey of Valdez, Seward, Anchorage, and a return through the Inside Passage.

Separated, geographically, from the main bulk of the United States, yet firmly bound by tradition and government, as well as in population to the land of the Stars and Stripes, Alaska is yet very conscious of a difference between herself and the rest of the United States. The States are the "Outside"; Alaska, in the vernacular of her citizens is a "country". Indeed, by virtue of its uniqueness, Alaska is a whole country in herself. But this sense of separate locality, made all the more real by the length of time it takes to be transported to or from the nearest of the States,





THE SWEEP OF THE TANANA.

dominates entirely the Alaskan consciousness and neutralizes the racial differences of its inhabitants. Alaska is far more of a melting pot than the States, and nature, not education, has accomplished it. Easterner, Westerner, Southerner, Canadian, Irish, Scotch, English, Swede, Italian, Greek, all are here, but all alike are Alaskans, bound into one interest by the unique conditions of the country, cut away from old associations.

You are expected in Alaska to appreciate and estimate these conditions in and for themselves. Men are curious to see how they impress you. They expect comment, not by way of comparison, but as to your valuation of what you find here,—feeling sure that you have found much that was unexpected.

The Alaskan appears, not exactly proud of his country, though believing

in its future, but tremendously interested in it. The attitude of the discoverer still hangs over him. And well it may, for there is plenty left to discover. Everybody expects fresh revelations, new values, to turn up at any time, whether of “pay dirt”, ores, timber, or real estate. Alaska is still rich in unexpected opportunities, and men feel it. They expect something to happen. This is probably one secret of the fascination which holds men in Alaska despite its difficulties and disadvantages, or which brings them back in spite of the pleasures and comforts of the life Outside. “Alaska is the place for the man who wants real things”, said a miner,—and the remark is eminently true. There are few artificialities. The gold is real, cleanly gotten. The prospect before your eyes is not man made, but 99 per cent untamed nature, tantalizing because un-



conquered and secretive. Most of the men and women you meet are real. There is little place or time for paint, powder, frills or vanity-boxes. Artificiality will not stand the test which life here offers. Emotions are genuine; passions are mighty, not effeminate; virtues solid, not superficial.

Just because Alaska is conscious of opportunities, she believes in that type of human nature which is ready to endure and capable of enduring in the trying pursuit of opportunity. Alaska admires manhood and strength. An Anchorage newspaper editorial quotes with approval the dictum of the *Fairbanks Times* that Alaskans form a distinct type, and proceeds to define the type as carrying with it "the idea of bigness, of self-confidence". "The Alaskan is never of the cringing sort", continues the editor; everywhere Outside the term Alaskan is beginning to convey a meaning thoroughly distinctive of a type of empire builders of a large calibre". Nature herself takes care of this, to some extent. It is not for the small or weak to cope with the hardships and exposure with which much Alaskan life is filled. Some weak there are who live upon or trade among the strong. But the big man, with courage and red blood is the rule. The exceptions are mostly confined to the towns.

But the bigness must extend to the heart to satisfy the Alaskan. Just because men are hard beset by nature should they receive ready sympathy and succor from their fellows. "A wide charity for the poor devil who gets up against it", is the way our editor expresses it. This characteristic has been notably true of Alaskans in the past. Snow and ice and bitter temperatures have been no obstacles in the rescue of a stranger lost in winter. Every roadhouse and telegraph station in winter takes note of the name and destination of a traveller on the trail



A TRAIL ROADHOUSE.

and 'phones or wires ahead his hour of leaving. If he fails to arrive in reasonable time, searchers are on his track, no matter who he is. Neither are purses closed against the man who has spent his pile. Thousands of dollars have been loaned without interest to men who were down on their luck. Whether it will be possible, as hardships ameliorate and resources increase, to keep up this large heartedness, which has been a keynote of the past, is for Alaskans to prove as they go on building their empire. Too often such instances are quoted with the qualifying remark: "It used to be so".

This call for bigness of body, mind, and heart, should serve as inspiration and warning for those who contemplate or control missionary enterprise in Alaska. There are consecrated men and women who love the open and who tire of the increasing effeminacy of crowded centers. Alaska will not disappoint such, and she needs them sadly. They should hear her call. It is no place for petty or artificial interests, or fine-spun distinctions. "Yes, he is a man", was the enthusiastic comment of a well-seasoned Alaskan upon an earnest cleric, and it meant more than if he had said, "he is a great preacher," or a "devoted Churchman." When another missionary went to work on his hospital dooryard—built of planks—with



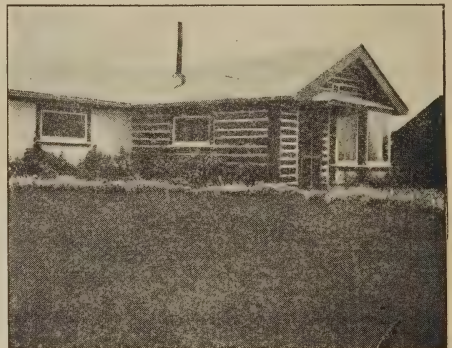
FAIRBANKS OF YESTERDAY.

hammer and saw, the local editor waggishly remarked in his next issue that it was good to see the Rev. Blank earning an honest dollar. The Alaskan is not strong on Church-going. That must be trained into another generation. But he likes to feel that the Church is represented in his community by a man who starts on the Alaskan basis of bigness. Fortunately some big natures are put up in small frames. It is no bar to the right man that he is not a giant. But at least, whether man or woman, the missionary must be physically fit, and mentally resolute. Failures in Alaska, like other things, are costly. The more so, perhaps, because every success at present is the beginning of something bigger.

The wonderful opportunities in Alaska have this disadvantage in their influence: they prevent a sense of permanence, and tend to undermine the efforts which a man or a town makes when there is an expectation of continuous residence and occupation. This is most serious perhaps in cases of social and corporate interest. Men give up the attempt at family life. Alaska is a man's country. Women are very few, even in the more settled communities. Yet it would be better if there were more—of the right sort. A less hot pace after the phantom of opportunity would make it possible to provide for

them. "Yes, living is hard and rough at the mine", said one sturdy, pleasant faced young wife. "Everything we get has to be packed four thousand feet up the mountain. But I get on with just what the rest have. If I couldn't be a help to the boys, I would stay in the States." But to judge from her cheerful ways and smiling face, the "boys" must have been glad of her presence at the camp, and her husband's evident pride in her was probably more than justified. There is room, too, for more corporate care in the upkeep of Alaska towns. Even the enterprising communities have a breathless look, as if it wouldn't pay to sit down comfortably, for fear they might be going so soon. There is unnecessary roughness and ugliness, even in the streets. Fairbanks seems to be struggling out of this pioneer stage. There one may imagine that child-life is expected and provided for to some extent.

The Alaskan freely confesses that he is an individualist. Circumstances, it is true, have been against his being anything else. He rather glories in it, as would be natural to all pioneers. Corporations, at least such as have recently been operating in Alaska, do not find favor in the popular mind. They are associated with extortion, and the disposition to squeeze the single handed man. Yet without corporations Alaska



FAIRBANKS OF TODAY.





CORDOVA HARBOR.

has no future. Her mightiness and her richness are a fair challenge to corporate effort and enterprise. Probably the fault lies on both sides. Both the individualist and the corporate interest must learn that each is necessary to the success of the other, and each must treat the other as a partner, rather than with the spirit of grabbing or squeezing.

It is only natural, too, that in a land where the mountains are copper, and the gravel is full of gold, there should be an exaggerated idea of the value of money, and the estimate of everything in dollars. One is yet just a little surprised to have the editor, above referred to, asserting so readily that the Alaskan type means "the placing of money value above everything else", and apparently regarding this characteristic as equally creditable with "direct honesty and impatience with

petty conventions." It is somewhat more than a survival of older days which keeps the "interior", perhaps Fairbanks in particular, from using five or ten cent coins, as they are used on the coast. One senses the feeling that there is a certain relish in handing out a quarter, or expecting it to be handed out, for what is not essentially worth over a dime. There seems to be a secret desire to live on the quarter basis because it seems like being rich. Alaska can hardly help stimulating the "get rich quick" spirit. With the miner it may be normal. But in other occupations it cannot be normal without injury to someone. In a pioneer state its danger is neutralized by privations. But as Alaska develops riches must inevitably come more slowly, unless dishonesty and corruption are to accompany them.

No doubt this overestimate of money



**THE INDIAN DEACON AT  
FORT YUKON.**

values accounts in part for the lack of interest in Church matters which is evident among the whites in Alaska. The remark as to the clergyman who was earning an honest dollar is in a way an indication of the depreciation which even the best Church work has often to meet in Alaska. Religious work there is tolerated when it is not despised. It is more than indifference which must be met. There are good reasons why some elements—the worst—should hate the Church. It has opposed their wickedness and immorality. It has taken the side of the native whom they cheated and debauched. It stands in the way of divorce. But outside of the worst element there is a large fraction of Alaska's population drawn from those classes in the States among whom the Church is always at a discount, the adventurer, the careless, the free thinker, the type which has made religious work difficult on all the western coast. For this Alaska herself is not to blame. It is a condition which another generation will somewhat remedy.

Hitherto we have made no mention of the Alaska "native", or the Indian, as we call him in the States, although he is quite distinct in looks and characteristics from his cousins further East and South. If we had entirely omitted

him, we should have reflected quite accurately the white feeling in Alaska. He is not deemed worth their consideration unless he has a few dollars they may capture. Economically speaking, the native is really, in the greater number of cases, a nonentity. He has at present no arts which the white man greatly needs unless it be the art of fur-getting. He is untrained as a workman, and not anxious to work, unless it be necessary for his daily food. He cannot win respect either as a tradesman or a competitor of the white man. He lives apart from them. In fact the great bulk of the Indians are beyond the horizon of any but the traders. Left to themselves and the traders, they would soon die out, victims of alcohol, tuberculosis, and other diseases. Fostered by the Church they may succeed in meeting the struggle for existence, and in gaining in number. It is roughly estimated that 600 children are under the influence of the Church in Alaska, while perhaps double that number might be reached by the extension of our work. Alaska herself is not interested. Will the Church in the States sustain this work? At Fort Yukon it is said there are few Indian families in the considerable settlement there in which family prayers are not said every



**THE FISHING CAMP WHERE THE  
BIBLE WAS FOUND.**



day. At Chena the writer found an English Bible among the articles in an Indian fishing camp work bag. It does not seem difficult to make religion a

part of the daily life of the Alaskan Indian. Have we any responsibility in the matter?

LESTER BRADNER.



## Tanana Crossing in Midwinter

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



THE Tanana Crossing to suggest the isolation and remoteness of its location, and the fact that it is situated about half way from the coast to the Yukon seems to put it within reach of civilization. However, if one wants to have the feeling of being in another world, detached from even the newspaper world, and the happenings of other communities, just let them go to Tanana Crossing. Even news from the nearest village is brought only by a messenger. Mail comes in a haphazard way and may not arrive for months at a time. Anyone coming in this direction is entrusted with all the letters and papers that he will bring, and as for parcel post, the missionary must go for it with a dog team, or else await the annual visit of the steam boat. The writer's first attempt to bring mail was thwarted by the fact that the steamer went to the bottom, mail and all. The next mail carrier was an Indian boy sent over to the nearest post office, one hundred miles distant, and on his return he broke through the ice of a treacherous stream, and to his credit

he saved the mail, or most of it, at least, but lost most of his own possessions. So one does feel rather removed from the rest of the world at Tanana Crossing, and gives little time to discussing the war or politics or Mexican affairs.

The fact of its isolation makes St. Timothy's Mission, Tanana Crossing, at the same time one of our most hopeful and difficult places. Hopeful, because we can carry on our work unhampered by frequent intrusions from outsiders and occasional riff-raff whites. Difficult because every pound of freight landed at Tanana Crossing costs from 12 to 20 cents from Seattle. Just imagine giving 35 cents a pound for sugar and flour, \$1 per pound for butter, and 50 cents per pound for such hardware as eight-penny nails! Yet that is what the trader at Tanana Crossing is forced to charge, and his margin of profit is very small. The mission supplies cost almost as much by the time they are landed. For instance, coal oil costs us \$1.25 per gallon by the time it is put in the lamps. The freight bill on the food supplies and for material needed for projected buildings was some \$1,500 this summer, and this expense is such a burden that the priest in charge at Chena is given this small detail to handle. But, thanks to energetic and sympathetic friends, this matter of hundreds of dollars for freight has been met in the past, and we trust it will be met in the future.

But the business side of things IS boring, and so let us turn our mind

from dollars and cents. But even then the difficulties of maintaining St. Timothy's Mission is not covered. For instance, the annual trip of the steam boat is a question. Few companies care to risk their boats and few captains care to make the trip, even when they may net a few thousands of dollars in the month required for the trip. Last summer, it will be remembered, the steamer *Atlas* was sunk while making a second trip toward this destination, and now we wonder which will be the next boat to make the run. For the past three years it was the *Atlas*, and it will be hard to find another such reliable man as Capt. Flanagan to handle the Mission freight.

Even with a dog team the journey is no easy one. There is no established trail to Tanana Crossing, for the simple reason that there is so little travel to and from this point. There is one trail across to the Yukon, to Eagle, and one that joins the Government trail to Valdez, via Gulkana, and then there is a third approach from Fairbanks up the Tanana river, yet when one goes to make the trip the chances are greatly in the balance of his finding only the snow covered flats and gaps in the hills, or the snow covered river, with no sign of travel to guide him.

When the trip is to be made it is a matter of getting there the best one can, but time must not be taken in recounting the incidents of the writer's last trip. No one, however, can make the trip either summer or winter without concurring with the men of the country in their opinion of this part of the Tanana river—"She's a bad one."

It was Christmas night when we pulled in at the Mission, two days late. The social hall—also the room used for the church services—was full of young people at the dance, but the main Christmas celebration had been held for the arrival of the "ginghe" (the minister). There were Indians there who had come

from their hunting camps and villages varying from 17 to 100 miles. They all seem ready enough to come when the missionary calls. There were between seventy-five and one hundred present for the Christmas service, and the Christmas festival, yet had they been urged there might have been a possible 200, and they would have gathered in from far and near. It was the fact that a big gathering was planned for the Easter season—when travel to this place is less dangerous—that all were not urged to come. At Christmas time they might be weather bound with little food, and valuable time lost from the hunting and trapping, whereas at Easter the game season is over.

So we were pleased with the gathering on hand. From children to old people all sung lustily the English hymns they know and love, and they listened patiently to the addresses of the visitor.

But it is not the work of the visiting priest that this article is concerned with. Time would be taken merely to state the spirit shown by these natives who leave their homes to visit at this mission center. There is a spirit of appreciation more evident than I have seen at any other of the missions visited. Not only were the natives more decidedly pleased with the Christmas presents sent in by our loyal friends of the Woman's Auxiliary and of the Junior Auxiliary and various church guilds, but they seemed to want to give presents as well. Moccasins and many other things were showered upon their visitor, but best of all the natives seem to value the services of the church.

We have great hopes for St. Timothy's. Not only do the natives show a marked appreciation for the presents given them, but the missionaries themselves value what is sent in by the different branches of the Woman's Auxiliary throughout the country. At Chena we go through all the packages to be sure whether the donated goods are worth



the ten cents per pound it costs to forward to St. Timothy's from Chena. This insures St. Timothy's having useful articles, such as warm clothing.

The Christmas bundles contain some useful piece of clothing, a bag of candy, and then some miscellaneous article, such as a pocket knife, a work bag, or a comb and brush. The Indians keep these presents and use them.

But the usefulness of the Woman's Auxiliary packages does not stop with the service they do as Christmas packages. Clothing is traded for dog feed, and moose fat, the latter being used as a substitute for lard. Dog feed costs 15c per pound, and as it takes about three pounds per day for each dog in the mission team, the expense of keeping a team of three dogs is something like \$1.35 per day, or \$40 per month. We could not possibly afford to keep a dog team, no matter how much it is needed for hauling wood and water, or for taking the missionary on his trips to the various camps of the Indians of this region. However, when there are the Woman's Auxiliary goods, as well as the goods donated by other church organizations, then we may trade clothing for dried fish and dried meat. The Indians receive the needed clothing at less than half they could buy it for, and we receive dog feed with a cost to the Mission of ten cents per pound only on the goods traded out.

Mr. McIntosh and his wife are both trained workers. Mr. McIntosh has been a carpenter by trade, and was attracted into the Government school teaching in Alaska. He served two years at Point Hope, in the days of Dr. Driggs, and in all has taught some seven years in this country. Mrs. McIntosh served as the Government school teacher at Ft. Yukon before coming into the Mission service.

With energy and tact Mr. McIntosh goes about his work of visiting, holding services and maintaining the mission.

Mrs. McIntosh teaches and cares for her own child and the two native girls of the mission. Handicapped as they are with no regular outside help, it is practically impossible for them to teach a day school for the bright and eager children of the village. Here is where the crying need for another worker is felt. If we could only have some sturdy woman capable of nursing sick ones (a trained nurse) and of teaching primary grades, St. Timothy's would be in a position of doing a more progressive work.

The plans for the future still remain the plans of the past. Absolutely characteristic of the work in this country. The new mission residence and home for the adopted mission children, the assembly hall and chapel, yet remain to be built. In Mr. McIntosh we have one of the best carpenters the Alaskan Mission has yet had, but even at this he was held back from using the building material lying on the ground by the fact that his native help was irregular. The Indians are willing to help, but they want to help in their way. This means working by spasms, and the man to hold them on the job for a whole summer is yet to be found.

But the buildings will be built, and they will be well built. The Mission residence and the Chapel Assembly hall will do credit to the Church anywhere in Alaska, and will seem especially nice off here in the wilderness. We want to do things on the big scale here at St. Timothy's. To see how nicely the Indians of the village seven miles away have built cabins in orderly rows, and to note the interest of the Indians of Tetlin, Ketchumstock and Mentasta, in "their Mission," though it be 45, 70 and 52 miles respectively from their homes, makes us confident that St. Timothy's may eventually be the center Bishop Rowe, Archdeacon Stuck and Rev. Mr. Betticher dreamed that it might be when they undertook to found

it. In the place of a lone trading post and an abandoned telegraph station, there now stands the mission home and the assembly hall (not the permanent ones) and a village of some twelve cabins. The less that is said about Tanana Crossing of past days the better. There were conscientious men living here, who tried to protect the Indians, but as one of them remarks, "However bad the Indians may be now, it is a wonder they are not worse from all the devilment they saw in the first white men here."

Whatever may be said of the past, the present of Tanana Crossing presents the scene of an orderly village with the mission in its midst guiding and directing the vital concerns of its life. If this for the present, what of the future. But the future is where the "Venture of Faith" comes in. The future all depends on whether the individual members of the church will continue to be willing to send in contributions which will amount to the sum of \$600 or \$700 annually for landing the provisions. Again the success of the future depends on whether some

healthy worker, with the spirit of Christianity in her soul, will be willing to volunteer as nurse and teacher. The urgent need for a worker cannot be over-emphasized. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh are doing their best, but with a small child to care for and two Indian girls to train, the care of the house, the cooking, the gardening, the building, and the many sick calls, they simply cannot handle the work. The Indians who formerly received schooling, and other instruction wonder why the Mission has dropped them, and we only hope they will not drop the Mission. When the large numbers gather what can a man and his wife single-handed do, when they have an infant to guard from the contagious diseases of the Indian children?

To any woman worker volunteering for St. Timothy's, Tanana Crossing, the promise of a big opportunity of influence, plenty of work, and a home in one of the beauty spots of Alaska, far from the beaten path, is all part of the inducement. You who read this—if you have any qualifications for nursing—won't you come? F. B. DRANE.



## Christmas at Nenana

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



feel quite at home; on the other hand, there is so much that is different and in the unique tone of the country, that the gulf which separates the customs of the

CHRISTMAS in an Indian School has characteristics so suggestive of the familiar, time-honored observances "Outside," that it is bound to make those whose privilege it is to direct it,

Indian from those of the white children, seems emphasized, and the workers feel, at this time more than at any other, the distance which separates them from the "folks back home".

At Nenana, there is not only the School Christmas, but also the Village Christmas. Each has its peculiar attractions. The two coming together form a double program of interesting events.

The big "potlatch" of last December made the Christmas season of 1915-16 one of unusual moment; this year there was no "potlatch" and we feared a falling off in attendance and enthusiasm. Many, we thought, would go to Tanana



to the big "potlatch" there. This was not the case, however. Many came in from the hills in ample time for the first activities; the rest arrived soon afterward. Representatives from as far North as Hot Springs were present. Chief Charlie, of Minto, sent word that he was kept at home owing to his wife's illness, but Chief Alexander, of Tolovana, came to remain two weeks.

Chief Thomas, in from his hunting camp on the Totatlanika, brought the Wood River Indians with him, and was present for the opening services. There was almost a continuous procession of dog teams coming from both directions, and excitement in the village ran high.

Christmas activity at the Mission began with the opening of the first Christmas parcels. Nearly two hundred big, red handkerchiefs had to be filled with gifts. The selection was made with a careful consideration of the one who was to receive the package so that much labor and time was required on the part of all members of the staff. The children of the Mission were given precedence over others and properly received the best that the big boxes and "gunny" sacks offered. And some splendid gifts there were. What a dearth of good games, however; mechanical building devices and books for the boys, with silk handkerchiefs and such feminine fancies for the girls.

The regular appointments began on Friday evening with a native service in preparation for the Holy Communion. Practically all of the Communicants in the Nenana tribe received on Christmas Day or on the Feast of the Circumcision. There were only three who, being ill, were unable to come to Church. These received in their cabins. In the afternoon a celebration was held in Nenana town so that the white people who desired so to do could enjoy this supreme privilege of Christian Fellowship.

The Mission Chapel—which serves as school during the week—was beautiful

on Thursday morning. The children, ably directed by their teachers, had artistically managed the great piles of spruce boughs which the boys had brought in from the woods. These with white and red gave a true Christmas tone to the otherwise plain, room. On Tuesday night when a big tree, sparkling with tinsel and lighted candles was added for the children's public entertainment and Christmas tree party, it was beautiful indeed.

Christmas Eve was a happy and hopeful time for the boys and girls. Such long stockings! And even then Santa Claus, assisted by the members of the Mission staff, was unable to find room in them for more than half of the gifts he had brought. When full to overflowing, he had to use the floor beneath and the nearby walls.

What genuine joy was written over the faces of the happy children when they caught sight of the transformation brought about by the visit of the little old man who walks "like a bowl full of jelly". The walls and staircase of the big room bristled with spruce boughs and red streamers; the big tree sparkled with jewels and tinsel; the stockings and piles of presents made a veritable wonder shop in Fairyland. Even the six cunning puppies that never fail to attract some sort of attention, were, on that morning, ignored and allowed the freedom of the place in peace.

When each had delved into the uttermost recesses of his or her stocking and had tried each toy, tasted each kind of candy and examined lovingly each doll, a procession was formed and the dark cold streets of the Indian village awakened to the strains of "Carol, Sweetly Carol", "It came upon a Midnight Clear" and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing".

The next "high spot" was Christmas Dinner. This was built around that firm foundation, the best that Alaska

affords, mountain sheep. Such abundance of good things. Cranberry jelly, cakes and many other trimmings. The culinary department of St. Mark's is notably unexcelled.

Christmas night was spent in dancing at the big house of Chief Thomas. The Mission children, accompanied by the big folks, were guests of honor and received much attention.

On Tuesday night the Christmas entertainment was given in the school house and presents were distributed to the Indians from the villages of Wood

River, Minto, Tolovana and Nenana. A dance at the Mission followed.

From this point on the pace slackened gradually. There were several dances in the village, some of which being purely Indian, were interesting indeed. The council met frequently and passed new laws while inflicting penalties for fractions of the existing ones. Chief Thomas left for Wood River shortly after New Year's Day. With his going a general exodus began and the school resumed its regular routine on Wednesday, January 3rd.



## An Athletic Event

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



JMMER Camps are lovely things to hold and to enjoy, but sometimes the preparations for said camps are not the easiest thing in the world. Stories of such camps here in Alaska have been told time and again, but this article is to tell of the method used to get the money to hold such a camp. For when one takes into account all the items which come into consideration in holding such a camp, it mounts up into quite a bit of money. Now boy's clubs are not, as a rule, financially strong. Of course, the necessary small sums for dues and badges and such like can easily be met, but when it comes to providing new camp equipment, tents, dishes, pots and pans, and all the paraphernalia of an outing, why it goes beyond the average boy's pocketbook. So the Scouts of Fairbanks, as do many Scouts in other parts of the country, hold an annual "Stunt" of some kind, to which an admission fee is charged,

in order that they may raise the necessary funds for their annual outing.

Last year, the boys gave a Minstrel Show, and for youths of rather tender years for the most part, gave a most creditable exhibition. This year, they decided upon a different field for their activities, and under the tutelage of a local gymnast, who most kindly gave his interest and time to the boys, they trained for a gymnasium exhibition. It was not all an easy thing. In the first place, the boys were for the most part totally unfamiliar with the first principles of gymnasium work, for so far the local School has not been able to supply and equip an adequate gymnasium for the students. So in many ways a makeshift arrangement was started, and the instructor and boys did the best that they could. Then the boys themselves, from the personal equation side had to be taken into consideration. For, be it remembered, that a group of these boys of the Northland contains none who are minus boyhood's full supply of energy, mischief, and wigglesomeness. Just when the instructor would think that he had everything arranged, and all was going well, some boy would pull another's



toe at an inauspicious moment, or something else along the same line would happen, with the result that there would be a rough and tumble tussle for a few minutes, both boys laughing, and tussling to see who could outdo the other. But finally such things began to pall, and efforts after discipline began to bear fruit, and the group began to take on semblance of athletes in very truth. It was an interesting sight to see how the boys developed from day to day and week to week. Those who could hardly raise their bodies on the parallel bars were, within a few weeks, doing all sorts of interesting things on those same bars. The trials at tumbling at first brought forth some badly bumped heads, before the aspiring young Herceules' would realize that they were not meant to use the tops of their heads when they did a gymnasium tumble. Trials with the gymnasium "horse" elicited much laughter and some falls, before the feats that were to be used with that staid animal were accomplished. But perhaps the best work, and that which brought forth the most applause when they were presented, were the various pyramids which the boys built. From the one built around the parallel bars, to the falling one, when, at a given signal, a group of boys four tiers high fell flat to the floor, to the great amusement, if not alarm, of the audience, these pyramids elicited the interest of the boys themselves, and the praise of those who saw them.

Of course the fact of securing funds for the camp was a minor good, when the training which the boys received is taken into consideration. The training which came to them in both body and mind, was and will be of value to them. The instructor insisted on quickness and precision, and all of this will be of help to them. The people of this Interior are always interested in what the young people do, and will readily attend

such an entertainment. So when the evening arrived the large hall which serves for such affairs, and which is well equipped with stage and all other accessories, was fairly filled, considering that it registered about forty below zero outdoors. It was, of course, a big help to the boys to have their friends help them out in this way and show their interest in attending their performance. So the boys went in with a will and did their best, and that was no small best. Things moved with snap and vigor, and there was hardly a minute that there was not something going on that the audience could be interested in. One stunt followed another, and so kept things interesting. From the remarks heard afterward, it could be judged that all who came were glad that they did come. And last of all, the boys have a sufficient fund in hand to justify them in laying plans for the next summer's camp, which, judging by the said plans, will be the very best yet experienced by this group of healthy, happy, light-hearted, vigorous sons of the North.



As illustrating the problems of some of our Missions, a recent experience at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness is interesting. The trader at this point died, and it was necessary for another man to be sent, before the store could be reopened. As the nearby roadhouse obtained all their supplies through this trader, and also all the natives, it can readily be seen that the Mission had a full-sized job in supplying roadhouse and natives. But this Miss Ridgway did, advancing supplies until the new trader could come. To add to the trouble, the weather turned very cold, most of the time around sixty or more below zero, and the roadhouse was full of mushers who did not care to travel in such weather, so that necessarily made the calls heavier.



ST. STEPHEN'S, FORT YUKON.

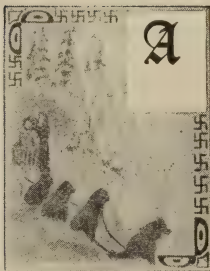
## Our Native Hospitals on the Yukon

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)

FTER long, vain efforts to induce the United States congress to do its duty in providing medical care for the natives of the Yukon River; when, year by year, the committee on ap-

propriations cut out the modest sums asked by the bureau of education for that purpose; it was evident that if the relief so urgently demanded were to be brought to the Indians before it became too late we must set our own hands to the task.

two hospitals became one of the chief items in our missionary programme and an active canvass was begun by the Bishop and some of his clergy. Properly to cover the Yukon River it was indeed seen that at least three such institutions must be established, at Fort Yukon, at Tanana and at Anvik, but not to undertake more than there seemed reasonable prospect of carrying out, the last named was postponed, especially as that place needed so much else. In the winter of 1913-14, the money that we deemed necessary was raised Outside, plans were prepared, and in the summer of 1914 the construction began. It soon appeared, however, that the cost would exceed the estimate and the provision, and that it would not



So the construction and equipment of



be possible to finish the buildings with what was in hand. So they stood unfinished during the year 1915, until such further sums as were required could be obtained.

During the present summer the buildings have been completed and equipped, and are now in active operation. They constitute perhaps the most ambitious effort in the way of buildings that the Alaskan Mission has ever made, for, with their furnishing and equipment they have cost upwards of \$16,000 apiece, which is almost twice what it was estimated they could be built for. Such is not uncommonly the experience of those who undertake any operations in Alaska. The year we started building, for instance, river freight rates were raised nearly fifty per cent, and river freight is the largest item of our expenses.

St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon has a physician and nurse in residence, together with an Indian assistant nurse. Next year it will have two white gradu-

ate nurses. St. Agnes' Hospital at Tanana has a nurse in residence, but no physician, the army surgeon at the military post three miles away being kind enough to give his services. But we have good hope of a resident physician at that place also next year.

We are thus addressing ourselves, to the present utmost of our powers, to the task of checking the inroads of disease amongst our Indian population, who have no other source of succour than the Mission, since the government will not do its duty and turns a deaf ear to the appeals of its own agents.

For the last eight or nine years we have maintained a medical missionary at Fort Yukon, which is the most important native village on the Yukon River, and it is most gratifying to be able to report that there has been a progressively diminishing death rate at this place. Fort Yukon is today almost the only village on the river where the population is growing. Last



THE HOSPITAL AT TANANA.



ANOTHER VIEW OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

year there were 20 births and 7 deaths here; the year before that, 18 births and 8 deaths, while in the ten months expired of 1916 at this writing there have been 20 births and only 2 deaths. Of course such a ratio as this last cannot be maintained, and there is yet time for it to be altered before the year closes, but for the last five or six years the birth rate has been largely in excess of the death rate.

It is still very common to hear it said that the Indian is bound to die out, and one of the most gratifying features of these figures from Fort Yukon is that they emphatically deny any such need. The Indian, given protection from the "liquor and lewdness" element that is not unrepresented amongst our white population, given medical care for his ailments and medical instruc-

tion in hygiene, may yet flourish in the land. It is as good an Indian country as it ever was, and, at least along the Yukon, does not show any sign of becoming otherwise. The great game animals are still to be had for the hunting, the fish still swarm up the rivers, the fur-bearing animals are still to be had for the trapping, and the country would amply support two or three times its present native people.

Those who have set their hands to the plough of this hospital work are greatly encouraged with the brief experience they have as yet gathered. And they go forward with the full conviction that if there be any such thing as God's work anywhere in the world, the curing of the ills and relieving of the sufferings of the gentle native people He has planted in this land is assuredly part of that work.



# Christmas at Chena Indian Village

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



CHRISTMAS festivities at Chena Indian Village, which lies about four miles down river from Chena, began with the cooking of a big potlatch, which the workers decided to give to the Indians. The preparations for such an undertaking, for it was an undertaking in a very deep and trying sense, as will be hereinafter understood, involved a number of things. In the first place it must be understood that it meant cooking a feast for at least forty adults. Then it should be added that the stove at the worker's residence is only intended to cook for the two living there, and the problem may be understood. It was a case of working at it in relays. To cook a potlatch means also that there must be an abundance of everything. First of all, additional pots had to be secured, and for this Miss Frederick, the worker in charge, went down to the village and borrowed the regular potlatch pots, which are kept only for such occasions. She looked as she came back to the Mission cabin like a journeyman tinner out for business. But with a pot of large dimensions, and a stove of small proportions, the possibility of really getting things done approaches, as my old professor of mathematics used to say, in a sort of geometrical progression towards zero. Or something of that sort. Days of mathematics are too far away now, and I couldn't find the square root of three, much less anything else.

And yet, just to show how really versatile our workers are here in Alaska, the potlatch was cooked on that stove, and with those pots. Would you like to know the menu? First a hindquarter of moose. That is a considerable item in itself. Then twenty-five pounds of potatoes. Bread meant the cooking of sixteen loaves; cake the baking of four of large dimensions. Then there had to be many pots of tea made, for at these potlatches tea is drunk in large quantities, and with gusto. Dessert consisted of dried apples, cooked, together with cranberries, candy and nuts. So you can see what a task it really amounted to.

On Christmas Eve the festivities really commenced. The children had never hung their stockings, and Laura Bettis, had been telling them of the custom, and they had naturally grown anxious to see what Christmas stockings would bring. So on Christmas Eve the children each brought a pair of stockings to the Mission House, and were there given a clothes pin, and a tag with their name written thereon, and then all the stockings were hung up in a row ready for the visit of the Old Saint. In the midst of the hanging a visitor unexpectedly arrived. One of the children, who was too young to come to school. The stocking-hanging was for the school children. But this young lady arrived, stocking in hand, and stern determination writ large upon every feature. Small though she was, she was determined, and her stocking was hung before she would grant any concessions. Evidently she believed in preparedness. Then cocoa, cake, bread and butter was served to the children, and they left in order to give Santa Claus a chance. But

before leaving, it was decided that something must be left for Santa himself, and as he had to come in through the ventilator, and such an entrance might work a hardship on such a jolly fellow as he—have you ever seen an Alaskan ventilator—a large plate of cake was left on the table for him for refreshment. It was all gone the next morning, and the stockings were filled. What more could you or anyone else ask?

The stockings then were filled with gifts from kind friends Outside. One useful gift, and others that would mean pleasure and play. All the girls received dolls, and such lovely ones. Santa's assistants in the person of Miss Frederick and Laura, worked until one in the morning seeing that all was in readiness. Then for sleep, with the hope that Christmas morning might offer the chance for a little rest, before that busy day began. Vain hope. At seven a. m., or earlier, a knock at the door heralded the stocking hangers. Human nature could not resist the desire to see what might have happened. Then such a happy time as the stockings were emptied and gifts wondered over and loved.

But that was just the beginning. There was no clergyman available for Christmas Day, as the Reverend F. B. Drane had left about the middle of December for the long journey to the Mission at Tanana Crossing, to be away until after Christmas. But first of all, Church must be held. The little chapel had been decorated for the occasion, Evergreens and paper flowers being used, and all was in readiness. As a help to the better understanding of the Season, a representation of the Manger Scene was used, which the Indian boys had joined in preparing. After the service, led by the worker in charge, Santa Claus paid his visit to the adults, bringing a sled load of gifts, with something for everyone. No

one recognized him, and as he talked in English, and had an Indian interpret his words, they did not realize that it was one of the older boys who talks excellent English, dressed up to represent the Saint. At this time also came presents from the white neighbors in the vicinity, and all had a happy time. Then they adjourned to the potlatch, which was held about midday in Julius John's cabin, as the Mission cabin is too small. Here the regular custom was followed, each one bringing cup, spoon and plate, with a bucket to take home their share of whatever was not eaten at the feast. Arranged in line around the room, the food was divided among all, and for a while they were busy as could be. Naturally, you can realize by the menu which was given above that there was plenty to keep busy with.

On account of the absence of the clergyman, there was no Christmas held at the town of Chena, and so the friends from the town came down to the Mission, bringing gifts to the workers and the Indians, and to join in the Christmas observance there. So a sort of continuous tea was served on Christmas Day. After the potlatch, the custom of passing around the blanket was held, and the visitors and the workers each gave their share to the blanket, and each of the Indians also put in something, which was then divided up among all, so that each one gives something and gets something.

All then adjourned to the Chief's cabin, where Indian dances were held. These were the only dances which were held, and this went on until nearly midnight, when the white people went back up to their homes in Chena, after each had been presented with some gift from the Indians—mitts, or moccasins, or something of the sort. For several days the feasting went on, one or the other of the villagers holding something in the way of a feast. The



were also a number of visiting Indians, and these always make it more imperative that there be feasting and jollification. So ended the Chena Christmas,

with much to be remembered of pleasure in its different doings. Busy days, but for the most part happy days, observing the ancient Feast.



## Christmas at St. Matthew's

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



ANY happy Christmasses have come and gone in the little log Church in Fairbanks. Many times children have gathered within its walls to join

in the lovely old carols and hymns of the Church, to take part in the service, and then to receive their gift at the hand of a kindly Santa Claus. But though each year brings something of the same round of singing and giving, yet to the children, and to the adults who attend, it never seems to lose its freshness and charm.

The little Church was crowded this past year of 1916 for the visit of Santa. Indeed, we might have imitated the theatre and hung out the S. R. O. sign early, for that was about all the room there was. The children had prepared long and well for their part in the services, and right well and merrily did they render them. Santa Claus arrived early in the festivities. Probably he did not wish to lose any of them, for he came in almost at the first. And then a group of the older girls told us in song and verse, how Christmas finds it observance in different countries all over the world. Each garbed in the costume of the country which she represented, it made a pretty sight, as they told the differing story

of the country which they portrayed. I will not say that the little Hollander did not have a time with her wooden shoes. She surely did, but that made it all the better.

Then came other recitations and songs. The Primary Department giving several which all who heard enjoyed hugely. Is there anything sweeter than to see innocent childhood, boy or girl, as their lips frame some of the loved songs of childish hearts, or tell the thrilling story again of how Santa comes, or with childish reverence in voice and air, tell in words fitted to their understanding the old, old story of the Dear Babe whose coming was heralded by the Angel's Chorus.

A Christmas Tree is ever a lovely sight. It would be hard to imagine any person so hardened by the vicissitudes or troubles of life, that they could not thrill with a sort of expectancy at the sight of the tree with its decorated branches, and its multicolored lights, twinkling in the branches. But somehow, such a tree has never had as deep an appeal as it does with the walls of this log building around it. Perhaps it's because Santa comes from the Northland,—or so we were always told—and the very aroma of his perpetual presence clings around; whatever it is, the Tree always seems to call to one to enter with full and exuberant spirit into the Christmas festivities.

So Christmas came and went again at St. Matthew's. Entered into with willingness by one and all, and finding as ever the heartiest of welcomes,

and joyous response. The services closed with the prayer and benediction by the rector, and the children trooped out again, with the memory of another lovely evening in their hearts.

The usual services were observed on Christmas Day, but somehow this year, they seemed to bear a fuller meaning, and those who attended seemed to enter

more into the spirit of the Day than formerly. In the Church's highest service, and with the loved Christmas Hymns, the day was joyfully celebrated, and the Message of Peace, which never grows old, however sometimes men refuse to know of it, was again swung out on the frosty air of the North, as the sweet toned bell called to worship at the Manger Throne.



## The Bear

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)



HERE was a black bear. As he was once wandering around to find something to eat, at last he came to a camp of Indians. He went into the first wigwam. The wigwam was made of skins of moose

and caribou. The floor was covered with spruce boughs and the carpet was of sheep skin. The family was eating their dinner. The bear came and asked if he might go in, for he was hungry. They said he might. But just as he put his head inside they were all scared. The father got his bow and arrows and was starting to shoot him when the bear said he was not going to hurt anyone, but wants to warm himself and wants something to eat. They let him in. The daughter was by the door eating. The bear came and sat down beside her. They gave him something to eat. The father said he can stay with them if he hunted for them.

The Indians in the village heard about it and came to see him and tell them how he got there and what he was going to do?

The bear told them all about it.

When the people start to move to the next camp, the bear offered to hunt while they were moving.

It was quite dark when the bear came packing one moose, sheep and caribou. That night they had a potlach. The bear gave the moose skin to the girl. She tanned it and made a coat, moccasins and mittens for the bear.

The bear got very fond of the girl. Soon after that the bear asked her to be his wife. She did not like to hurt the bear's feelings so she said to ask her father that night. When they were getting ready to go to bed. Meantime she went to her father and told him about it. He was so surprised. The father told the bear that night that he has to kill the brown bear and lots of other animals that bothered the Indians. The bear was so sorry but he said he will try. The bear said to himself that while he was out he would go to the medicine man and ask him to change him to an Indian man. When the bear got to the medicine man's house he asked him about it and the man said, yes. The bear killed the Brown bear and many others. When he got home and was eating his supper he was changed to an Indian man. He was a handsome man. That night he and the girl got married.



When the Indians get married, the father makes potlach and the bridegroom too. The Bride usually make her future husbands a whole suits of moose skin clothes. She bead his mittens and moccasin and a coat and Beaver cap. She has a beautiful dress and the hood that looks like a sunbonnet. It is covered with beads and fur. When they get married the man stays with the girls family for some-

time a year and that way they can find out what sort of man he is.

After the Potlach the bride and groom go around, and get presents and give away presents. While they are going around they shake hands. After that for a supper the bride cooks and invites and a hood that looks like a sunbonnet. Bear Man and the girl got married and lived happily ever after.



## My Dog Team Ride

(Written for The Alaskan Churchman.)

Today I had the bestest ride,  
My Daddy came and said,  
"Who wants to take a ride with me?"  
I most fell on my head.

But when he saw my lovely team,  
He laughed and said, "That's fine.  
But keep them in the straight good trail,  
And keep them all in line."

So then he harnessed up the dogs,  
Old Spotty, Reggo, Chum,  
Bobsie and Rowdy, best of all,  
My, how the sled did hum!

You see, my el'phunt was my lead,  
My duckie was the wheel;  
And then my leopard made a dog,  
He certainly could squeal.

So when we came back home again,  
My mother said, "Oh, my,  
Your cheeks are like the roses red,  
I speck you most did fly."

And then I had two doggies  
That came on Christmas Day.  
O' cose they's cloth, but then it was  
The nicest way to play.

And then I borrowed Daddy's things,  
And 'tended that I too,  
Was mushin' long the Arkic trail  
Jus' like the big men do.

My, how I drove them, what a load  
Those doggies pulled along!  
I tell you that its awful fine,  
When doggies are so strong.

I had on Daddy's big fur cap,  
His mukluks and his mitts,  
And Daddy said, "Why musher man,  
I'm 'fraid your close aint fits."

I told 'em gee, and haw, and Mush!  
Just like the big men say,  
And clapped my hands and whistled,  
Oh, twas the lovliest day!

Till mother said, "Come, Sonny boy,  
It's time to stop your play."

## Acknowledgments

"While we have time let us do good unto all men; and especially unto them that are of the household of faith."

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

### Tanana Valley Mission—

(1) General Expenses: Miss Jane Moore, \$5.00; St. Matthew's Woman's Auxiliary, Hillsboro, N. C., \$12.00; Mrs. R. M. Hoe, \$5.00; Miss Olive Kennedy, \$1.50; Rev. W. A. Thomas, \$6.50; Through Rev. Guy H. Madara, \$150.00; Miss Dorothy Morgan, \$5.00.

Previously acknowledged, \$67.73.

(2) Scholarships: Nenana. Edward M. Cope, for the Marion Cope Scholarships, \$500; Farthing Memorial Scholarship, by Mr. David L. McConnell, \$17.72; by Mrs. F. B. Evans, \$13.42

Previously acknowledged, \$210.00.

(3) St. Barnabas Mission, Chena Village, for St. Barnabas Chapel Building Fund, through Rev. Guy H. Madara, \$10.

Previously acknowledge, \$15.31.

Tanana Crossing: Mrs. Thomas Fleming, \$3.00; Miss Olive MacKinnon, \$3; Miss Harriet I. Ridgeley, \$10.00; Miss Mary R. Whitfield, \$3.00; Good Shepherd, Ogden, Utah, \$5.00; Painesville, Ohio, \$5.00.

Previously acknowledged, \$459.00.

Miscellaneous: General—Miss Mary L. Jackson, \$3.00; Sister Louise, \$13.00; Miss S. H. Lovering, \$4.00; Mrs. M. E. Hamerton, \$1; Miss C. C. Forbes, \$4.

Previously acknowledged, \$1.00.

### SUMMARY

|                                 |           |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| General Expenses .....          | \$ 252.73 |
| Scholarships .....              | 741.14    |
| Door and Window Fund .....      | 25.00     |
| St. Barnabas, Chena Village ... | 25.31     |
| Tanana Crossing .....           | 488.00    |
| Miscellaneous .....             | 26.00     |

Total .....\$1,558.18

"All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given Thee."

Of all the Mission Stations this winter, St. John's in the Wilderness, Allakaket, seems to have experienced most of the severe cold weather. For while always we have the crisp, clear cold in the winter months all over the interior, yet this winter several times the thermometer has gone down to very trying distances there. Several times it has been between sixty and seventy below zero, at times dropping below seventy. Of course this is severe cold, but we are glad to report that news from the Mission is that all is well with the workers.



## Appeals

1.—Cotton gauze, bandages and old linen for the Hospital at Nenana. There is great need at this Mission, which is the only Hospital in a section of country 600 miles square equipped for Indian patients. Address packages by mail to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, Alaska.

2.—The sum of \$10 to pay for a door and two windows for a native cabin. One of the chief causes of illness is the crowding together of the people. Many cabins have been built, but more are being built each year, and we must have the doors and windows. To each Indian building his cabin the Mission gives a door and two windows, which cost \$10 here.

3.—The sum of \$100 to provide for one Indian child for a year at Christ Church Mission, Anvik.

4.—The sum of \$100, to provide for one Indian child at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, for one year.

5.—Books and magazines for the Red Dragon, Cordova, and the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library, Fairbanks. Send all packages by mail, addressed as above.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE.

|                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| Asheville.      | Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.                               |
| Bethlehem.      | Miss Edna R. Madara, Mauch Chunk, Penn.                           |
| California.     | Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.  |
| Chicago.        | Miss Carrie Menge, 921 E. 42nd Place, Chicago, Ill.               |
| Connecticut.    | Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St. Norwalk, Conn.                |
| Cuba.           | Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilly 104, Havana. |
| Dallas.         | Mrs. Helen Easton, 1731 Pine St., Dallas, Texas                   |
| Delaware.       | Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.        |
| Fond du Lac.    | Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.                          |
| Georgia.        | Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Highland Road, Augusta, Ga.          |
| Indianapolis.   | Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.              |
| Iowa.           | Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.                             |
| Long Island.    | Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 1268 81st St. Brooklyn, N. Y.                  |
| Los Angeles.    | Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.               |
| Milwaukee.      | Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.                          |
| Minnesota.      | Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.            |
| Maryland.       | Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road, Guilford, Baltimore.        |
| New Hampshire.  | Miss Mary I. Bachelder, Little Boars Head.                        |
| New Jersey.     | Miss M. F. Jones, 341 North Broad Street, Elizabeth.              |
| New York.       | Miss Alice Wood Daley, 447 St. Paul's Ave., Stapleton.            |
| New York City.  | Miss May Carroll, 124 West Ninety-first St.                       |
| North Carolina. | Miss Emma J. Hall, 809 N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.              |

|                |   |
|----------------|---|
| Oklahoma.      | Mrs. Henry C. Dodson, 220 North Ninth St., Muskogee.    |
| Pennsylvania.  | Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.                              |
| Rhode Island.  | Mrs. Winslow Upton, 156 Cypress St. Providence.         |
| Southern Ohio. | Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St. Cincinnati.             |
| Spokane.       | Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St. Spokane, Wash. |
| Washington.    | Miss F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.   |
| Western N. Y.  | Miss M. H. Bulsch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.         |



## Standing Notices

**MAIL**—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any articles which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

**FREIGHT**—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

**EXPRESS**—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

**NOTE**—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Fairbanks, Alaska.

## DIRECTORY OF ALASKAN WORKERS

### BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe,  
D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building,  
Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON.

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D.,  
(Residence at Fort Yukon.)

### MISSION STATIONS.

Allakaket (P. O. address, Allakaket, via  
Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket,  
Koyukuk River)—St. John's-in-the-Wild-  
erness:—  
Miss Eleanor Ridgway.  
Miss R. G. Pumphrey.

Anvik—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman.  
Mr. David McConnell.  
Mrs. F. B. Evans.

Chena—St. Paul's Chapel and office of the  
Tanana Valley Mission:—  
Rev. Frederick B. Drane.

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas' (see  
Tanana Valley Mission):—  
Miss Beulah E. Frederick.

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly  
Rest:—(Vacant.)

Cordova—The Red Dragon:—  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.

Douglas Island—St. Luke's Church:—  
Vacant. (Visited from Juneau.)

Eagle—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Mr. George B. Burgess.

Fairbanks—St. Matthew's Church and  
Reading Room:—  
Rev. H. H. Lumpkin.

Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's Mission:—  
Dr. Grafton Burke.  
Miss Agnes M. Huntoon.  
Rev. William Loola, Native Deacon.

Juneau—Holy Trinity Church:—  
Rev. Guy D. Christian.

Ketchikan—St. John's Church, Hospital  
and School:—  
Rev. H. H. Kelley.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. Adella Cook.  
Mrs. Ross.

Nenana—St. Mark's Mission (see Tanana  
Valley Mission):—

Rev. Wm. A. Thomas.  
Miss Wright.  
Miss Blacknell.  
Miss A. Isadel Rowntree.  
Miss Bedell.  
Arthur Wright.

Nome—St. Mary's Church:—

Point Hope (Tigara) — St. Thomas'  
Mission:—  
Rev. A. R. Hoare.

Rampart—St. Andrew's Mission:—Vacant.  
(Visited from Tanana.)

Salchaket—St. Luke's Mission—(See Tana-  
na Valley Mission):—

Seward—St. Peter's Church:—(Vacant.)

Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

Skagway—St. Saviour's Church:—

Stephens Village:—  
Miss Effie Jackson.

Tanana—Mission of Our Saviour at Tanana  
(Indian Village) and St. James' Church  
at Tanana:—  
Rev. Philip H. Williams.  
Miss Dorothy Tate.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay-Reader.  
Paul Williams, Native Lay-Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission):—  
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McIntosh.

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native  
Missions along the Tanana River:—

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (P. O. address,  
Chena). See also Chena, Chena Native  
Village, Nenana, Salchaket, and Tanana  
Crossing.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (ad-  
dress at the Church Missions House, 281  
Fourth Avenue, New York City.)  
Deaconess Mabel Pick.  
Rev. Guy H. Madara.  
Miss Laura M. Parmelee.